

She soon became "quite adroit in composing sentences within the compass of her vocabulary". The following letter was written in March, 1890, from an English dictation. It was translated by her with astonishing ease eight months later :—

"MELROSE, le 27 Mars, 1890.

"MA CHERE ELISE,—Dans quelques jours j'aurai une semaine de vacances. Il m'est tres difficile de rester enfermee dans une salle d'etude, quand toute est si belle dehors! A present le temps est magnifique. Deja les cerisiers sont en fleurs, et les collines sont d'un vert tendre et frais. On entend les oiseaux chanter parmi les arbres en fleurs ainsi que le bourdonnement des insectes et le murmure des ruisseaux; on sent la douce haleine du vent impregnee du parfum des premieres fleurs. Oh! que je serai heureuse quand je pourrai etre libre comme les oiseaux de l'air, et courir tout le jour dans les pres et les bois! Voulez-vous venir passer les vacances avec moi, chere Elise? Je suis sure qu' une semaine a la campagne vous ferait du bien. Ma mere vous envoie ses amities, et vous prie de venir.

"Ecrivez-moi quel jour et a quelle heure vous viendrez, et nous irons vous attendre a la gare. Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur.

"Votre amie devouee,

R. H. K."

"Helen has not yet been taught the use of French accents, and therefore they are omitted from the above letter. Her lessons with me preceded her first knowledge of the vowel elements gained from her work in articulation, and I did not attempt, at the beginning of her study of the French language, to introduce the accent marks, the meaning of which, at that time, would have been very obscure to her.

"Helen was much distressed by a failure to remember anything which she had ever known, and it was seldom that she suffered this pain. It became evident, during our second lesson, that she would not need reviews. The sentences of the first lesson comprised so many new words, that I thought it best to have them repeated before more were learned. When I asked questions to suggest the sentences of the previous lesson, Helen said, in an emphatic, surprised way: 'I know them! Please teach me something new!'"

It was in October, 1889, that she asked her teacher (Miss Marrett) to give her lessons in French.

"In about three months," says the Director of the Perkins Institution, "she was in possession not only of the keys to the treasure-house of her new venture, but of a great quantity of materials and of the art of handling them skilfully and of putting them to proper service in the construction of sentences. On the 18th of February, 1890, I received in Athens her first composition in French, which I am assured was written without any assistance on the part of her instructress, and which is copied here *verbatim et literatim* :—

"SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., le 1 Fevrier, 1890.

"BONJOUR, MON CHER AMI,—J'ai recu votre lettre charmante. Vous etes bon, et je vous aime beaucoup. Comment vous portez-vous? J'espere que vous vous portez mieux. Je parle Francais et Anglais a present. Les petites filles sont tresbonnes, et ma chere petite soeur est belle. Je me promene tous les jours pendant une heure. Aimez-vous

l'etude lorsque vous etiez jeune ? J'aime à lire. Ma mere a beaucoup de belles fleurs chez nous. J'aime mieux les roses et violettes. Ma mere m'a ecrit que les rosiers sont pleins de boutons. Les oiseaux chantent doucement comme dans le mois de Mai. Je ne peut pas parle Francaise ou l'ecrire avec beaucoup de facilite. Quelques enfants ont ete tres-malades avec le diphtheria au gorge. Lily Edson est mourut. Je suis tres-fachee de pauvre Lily. Ma mere, mon pere et ma jolie-souer viendront a Boston le Juin next. Serez-vous heureux de les voir ? Je serai bien aise d'aller avec vous a l'ecole de les petits enfants. Vous serez bien aise a savoir que je peux dire correctement tous les heure de le jour maintenant. J'espere que j'aurai une belle montre bientot. J'ai neuf ans, ma soeur n'a que trois ans et demi. Vculez-vous m'apporter des livres Francais de France ? Je veux que j'etais a Athens avec vous pour jouir tous les belle choses. Ma chere institutrice a ete tres-malade, mais elle est beaucoup mieux maintenant. Je pense a vous toujours, et j'aime vous. J'aime m'amie, Mademoiselle Kehayia aussi. Il fait beau temp au jourd' hui, mais il fait bien froid. Voulez-vous aller a Paris avec moi quelquefois, je veux voir de belles choses. M'excuser les fautes, s'il vous plait.

"Pensez a moi et aimiez-moi toujours. Au revoir, mon cher ami. Ecris a moi bientot.

" DE HELENE A. KELLER.

Space forbids any detailed description of her moral growth, for which we must refer the reader to the pages of the Report. It is enough to say that the same intelligent care that has been so successful in training her intellectual faculties has as wonderful a story to tell of her moral constitution. "She is a living negation of the doctrine of total depravity," says the Director, "and it is only too rare to meet with a soul as beautiful as that of the happy child to whose history this Report is devoted. I cannot refrain from one final quotation which will be found a striking illustration of the vividness and originality of her fancy :—

"A DREAM.—Last night I dreamt that long, long ago, when the birds and flowers and trees were first made, the great God who had created all things sat upon a beautiful cloud which looked like silver, and seemed to float in the midst of the blue sky like a throne; and He looked down upon the earth—the wonderful world He had made out of His own thought. (*Italics mine.*) Oh, how beautiful the earth was! with her great mountains climbing upwards to the sky, and her valleys filled with sweet-smelling flowers and delicious fruit. The trees seemed alive with beautiful living things; the little birds' joyous songs made the air vibrate with music. I felt it in my dream. I knelt on the cool, green moss that crept down to the edge of the merry little brooks, and I touched the water as it rippled past me. The broad, deep lakes were as quiet as little sleeping babies, and I felt the ground tremble under my feet when the river went rushing past to join the stormy ocean. Then I went to the shore and put my bare feet in the water, and felt the waves beating against the shore continually; and God smiled, and the world was filled with light, and there was no evil, no wrong in all the world, only love and beauty and goodness. Just then I felt teacher kissing my lips, and I awoke."

W. J. GREENSTREET.